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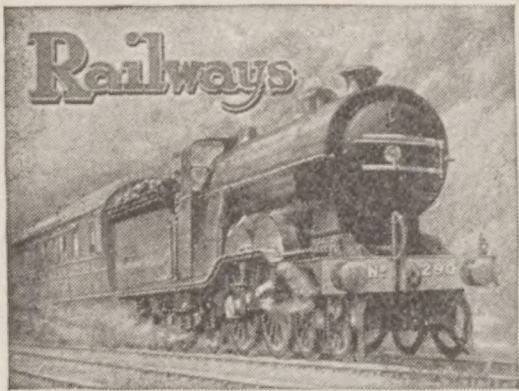
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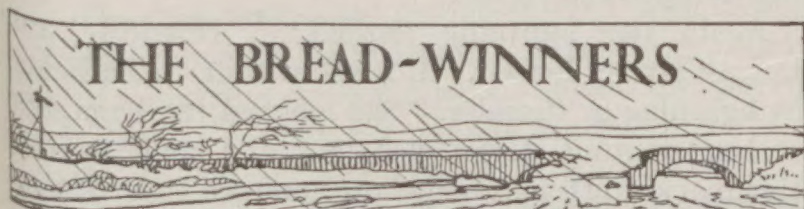
**RED
WHITE
& BLUE**

FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.

THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

NOVEMBER 1922

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.



THE wind had been howling all night in a very disturbing manner, although not in such a way as even to hint what the day was to bring to Daisy-Clare, who had listened from her comfortable bed, in a vague sleepy condition, to the threatenings of the storm.

The next morning Daisy-Clare did not get up until half-past eight. She was a leader of Girl Guides, and she looked very charming and business-like when she at last descended the stairs to the breakfast-room in her short-skirted uniform of dark blue serge.

The hotel where she was staying for a month's holiday was situated on the side of a steep little hill; down the roadway was flowing a little torrent, which bubbled and gurgled, and seemed only too delighted to be in such an unlikely place. All the windows in the front of the hotel were tightly fastened; nevertheless the rain was being driven in under them, and under the hall door—in fact, water was finding its way in through every available cranny.

When she asked for breakfast, one of the waitresses said to her: "Breakfast, miss? I hope you do get some breakfast—yes indeed, whateffer! We have been out of bed effer since four o'clock—the water's all in our rooms! And there's no baker brought the rolls, whateffer! The sea's in the town already, and there's no knowing what's going to happen soon if the storm goes on."

There had been only a few loaves in the house, and provisions were low, for the small hotel was full of visitors, all of them hungry enough.

Matters did not improve. Not only the baker, but the butcher and the greengrocer and the cart from the stores were missing. The grey morning wore on; the guests came back to the hotel soaked

to the skin, each one with a more fearful tale to tell. The tide showed no signs of turning; the sea was washing into the lower town at every wave; the sandy cliff had slipped down across the esplanade, and no one could possibly get to the shops that way.

"As for Willowbrook Road at the bottom of the hill—well, *that's* a scream," said young Foster, monitor in a school at Westminster and a very important person. "There isn't a road any more," he said; "it's a quite decent trout stream, with plenty of ripping snags in it!" One was the red pillar-box on the far side; the water was trickling in at the slit. Another was the brick wall along towards the school—it had all fallen in. Young Foster estimated that no one without an aeroplane could get into the shops *that* way.

"And there's no other way, don't you know," he kept on. "We shall all be starved, if we're not drowned first. The wind is simply great; it's tearing up the trees wholesale towards Runton."

Daisy-Clare, who had been talking quietly to the Welsh waitress, said there was yet another way into the town, over the railway line, "if you go up the hill first. I'm going to wear my mack and my bathing cap, and I'm going to take a sack," added Daisy-Clare.

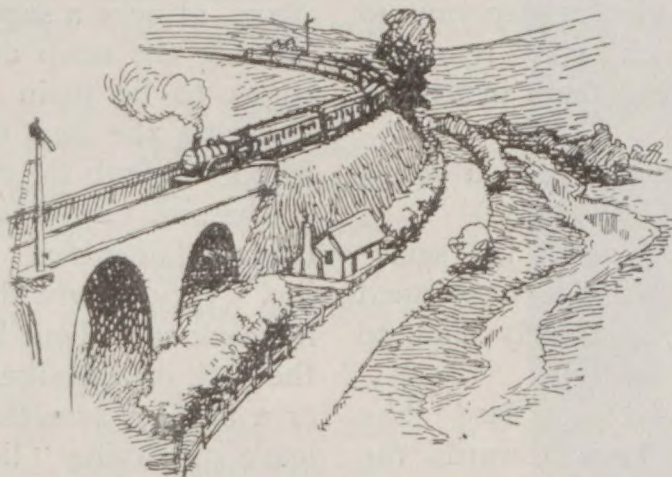
"Whatever for?" asked young Foster.

"The sack's for bread," corrected Daisy-Clare. "I'm going to be a real Scout and do some foraging."

Young Foster said it was really a scheme, and he would come too. He was already thoroughly wet, and his clothes were spoiled, so it didn't matter—don't you know! The two of them prepared for the adventure.

When she was outside, Daisy-Clare was able to appreciate the storm properly. The rain streamed down unendingly, with the wind roaring round about it "like a million lions and tigers," said Daisy-Clare, after she had discovered the right way of getting along, which was to walk sideways, like a crab.

It was no use trying to talk. She tied her pigtails together under her round chin to keep them from smacking her face every other second, and she was



doing her best to keep the sack dry under her mackintosh.

"What a pretty summer day!" cried young Foster. Next minute he splashed into a hidden brook, and was in it up to his waist!

He was so surprised that Daisy-Clare had to laugh. She held out her hand; when young Foster had gripped it, she gave him a pull which proved that she had good muscles at any rate.

Presently the railway embankment was reached. They decided to walk along it towards the station, in an attempt to reach the level crossing. They had scarcely gone a dozen yards when they heard, high above the deafening din of the gale, a rending, crashing sound.

"It's the railway arch over the brook," yelled young Foster.

They began to run forward, but nothing could save the arch, of course. The brook, swollen to a torrent by the surface water which was pouring into the valley from all sides, had washed in behind some of the brickwork of the small arch and had carried away the foundation. The heavy rain-sodden track above had pressed on the crown of the arch until it had suddenly given way. An ever-widening gap yawned beneath the railway line, which still remained attached to its sleepers, supporting them instead of their supporting it.

"Lucky there isn't a train coming," called young Foster.

Daisy-Clare turned to glance towards the semaphore. In the grey uncanny light the one-armed post stood solitary as a sentinel, but fairly plain to be seen.

"There is a train coming," said Daisy-Clare. She immediately commenced racing back towards the signal-post, with young Foster at her heels.

"I say, what can we do?" said young Foster.

"Stop it," panted Daisy-Clare. All her Girl Guide instinct was aroused.

A vivid flash of lightning, the first they had seen, suddenly illumined the deluged earth. Smashing, nerve-racking peals of thunder followed. The sky darkened at once, the wind became gusty and more violent. Daisy-Clare tripped over one of the clumsy wooden baulks upon which the line was laid, and went headlong down the bank. She rolled over and over.

Her companion dashed after her, and, in doing so, twisted his ankle badly. He managed to reach Daisy-Clare, who, true to her Guide training, had simply let herself fall. Consequently, although bruised and shaken, she was able to get up and go on. But the monitor in Ashburnham at Westminster had to own himself beaten. His face was white with pain.

Surely that was a far-off whistle? A train was approaching; something must be done! The Girl Guide felt herself equal to her opportunity—if only she could reach the semaphore. She had a hazy idea that, once there, she could pull a lever and raise the dropped red signal.

Again the lightning flashed. "Horrid!" said Daisy-Clare to herself. But she wasn't to be beaten by lightning or thunder. She reached the semaphore at last, panting, dishevelled, hot and cold together. Her mackintosh had somehow got torn into ribbons, her hands were scratched, her forehead was bruised, but she still held on to the bread sack.

There was no lever to be pulled or pushed; simply the inanimate signal-post, falsely showing "line clear" to the approaching train. Thank goodness that was travelling slowly enough! She could hear its far-away puffing. She planned to stand in the middle of the track and shout.

"But they'll never hear me," thought she, "and they may run me down while they're looking right up there at the signal." Not at all a pleasant thought!

There was a small iron ladder against the semaphore, at once a support to the post and a means for lighting the lamp at the top. It was a high post, so as to be plain to engine-drivers. Daisy-Clare, throwing the rags of her mackintosh to the wind, began to climb the crazy little ladder.

The post rocked fearfully in the gale, and twice her courage failed her. She had to cling on for her very life. Very slowly she gained the top, step by step, her sack tied about her waist. She intended to hang the sack on the signal, if she couldn't find a handle, or a bolt, or something to make the wretched thing leave off saying "line clear" when the line wasn't clear. How awful to think of the train going on and over that broken arch! A most frightful accident had to be prevented; she wished the post wouldn't rock about so much. And the telegraph wires made such a buzzing. The sack would not be untied from her waist: she could not let go her grip of the cold, wet, slippery ladder. One hand was not enough to hold on by; the wind would have her off in a second. Here came the train.

She shouted with all her might. The engine panted heavily along, not very fast, but without showing signs of stopping.

How stupid they were! They *must* see her. Daisy-Clare dared to let go with one hand, and waved frantically.

The train was just underneath, but the morning was dark as ever. It was of no use; they couldn't see. And the train would go over the arch, and

people would be killed. The rain running down her face had a salt taste. But the brave big heart in a little body had got the sack free now. She let it flutter out in the gale; the wind snatched it from her cold fingers with a snarl.

The short train went puffing onward, with its human freight, straight for disaster. Daisy-Clare could not look round, but she could hear. Slowly she descended the ladder, heart-broken at her failure.

Then, joyfully, she knew that she had won. The train was slowing; there sounded the sudden grinding of the brakes. Even as Daisy-Clare reached the track the train came to a stop.

"They'll have to lend me another sack," decided Daisy-Clare, dashing away her tears, "now that they've made me lose mine!"

The guard came stumbling along the line, carrying his green flag and trying to shield his face from the rain. He listened gravely.

"It's a mercy we wasn't past you, miss," he told her. "I see something I couldn't make out up there, behind the signal. Must have been you, you know," he added informally. "Much obliged, I'm sure. I always said that that arch wasn't strong enough. Wild kind of morning, miss; would you like a lift as far as we go?"

Young Foster had limped as far as the train; the two of them got in with the guard. The train panted cautiously to the edge of the broken arch, where every one had to climb out. A strange little crowd it was, too, very interested and grateful to Daisy-Clare.

Young Foster had borrowed a stick, and was able to limp along.

"We must get those loaves," said he.

That was easy enough, for the journey to the station along the line wasn't so bad. There was just enough foothold on the broken arch to allow all to cross safely over. The station gave access to the town and to the shops. The townspeople had already half built a plank bridge across the brook road. Daisy-Clare, soaked through, but very triumphant, was the first to cross it. She had a basket of rolls, which young Foster was simply aching to carry.

"You have your foot to carry," said Daisy Clare, "since it won't carry you!"

"I say," he replied, "let's announce ourselves, when we go in, as the Champion Bread-winners!"



ARMISTICE DAY,

November 11.

(A verse to be learnt by heart for Armistice Day.)

LAND of our birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died;
O Motherland, we pledge to thee
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be!

RUDYARD KIPLING.



How to start a Spring Garden Indoors.

INDOOR gardening is a most delightful hobby, and it is quite easy to grow any number of lovely Spring flowers in the various pretty jars, pots, and bowls you happen to possess, which will make the schoolroom look like a bower, and come into full bloom at a time when the Spring bulbs are hardly showing their first green spikes above the grass out of doors.

Be sure to plant the bulbs as early as possible now, if you wish to have them in bloom by the New Year.

In order to start an indoor garden you must first of all collect every pottery or china jar available, from tiny ones capable of holding a little mould

and a tiny bulb or two—brown cream jars do admirably—to good-sized bowls which will contain a group of hyacinths. Wash and polish them up well, and put them on a deal table ready to be filled.

Next get some bulb compost from the nearest florist's: sixpenceworth will be enough to fill about ten dishes and bowls of assorted sizes—quite enough for a first attempt; and if you should run short of mould, when there still remain more jars to be filled and bulbs to be planted, mix in some garden earth, sieving it first to free it from lumps and stones.

Get the loan of a wire sieve and a small trowel; and to fill the bowls put a little of the compost into the sieve, hold the corner of the sieve over the bowl you are about to fill, and rub enough mould through it to come to within a couple of inches of the top of the bowl. Next place the bulbs, pointed ends upwards, at equal distances apart, upon the layer of mould—three bulbs are, as a rule, enough for one bowl—and fill up the bowl with compost with the help of the trowel, so that the bulbs have about an inch of earth above them, then smooth and press the compost well down with the palms of the hands, and the bowl is ready to be carefully watered before being put away in a dark but airy place for the roots to grow for six or seven weeks, until the bulbs begin to show a tip of green above the layer of mould, when they must be brought into the light.

The bulbs while in the dark must have plenty of air; they may be placed underneath a writing-table or chest of drawers in an airy room, or in an airy cellar; they must not be shut up in an airless cupboard. They must be watered about once every ten days, to keep the mould just damp, but not too moist.

When the bulbs have sprouted they must be well watered and then drained once a week. The best way to do this is to immerse each bowl in a bucket of water, flower-shoots and all. When air bubbles cease to rise it shows that the water has penetrated to the bottom of the bowl. Then take it out, and tip it gently on one side to drain it. When the flowers are in full bloom and the bowls can no longer be dipped into a pail of water, the best plan is to water them carefully every other day from a long-spouted teapot, seeing that each bulb gets its fair share of water.

Flowers put in the full light in a warm room grow much faster than those kept in semi-darkness in a cold room, so if you want to have a succession of flowers, instead of having all those of the same kind coming into flower at the same time, bring the bowls and jars into the warm, well-lighted room, one or two at a time, a week or ten days after one another, and then, as one bowlful of flowers begins to die down, another will be ready to replace it.

A Famous Picture.

LOOK at the picture on the next page. It is called "The Vigil." A vigil means a solemn service held in church on the night before some great religious festival. But in this picture the church is empty, save for one man who kneels before the altar, holding up a sword. The candles on the altar light up his face; the church is dark, except where the moonlight streams in through the painted windows. What does it all mean?

The young man in the picture is spending the night alone in the church, in prayer and meditation, with his sword in his hand and his armour beside him. The coming day will be a great day in his life: he will be made a knight. He will vow solemnly to live a pure and noble life, to be loyal to his king and his country, and to be ever ready to fight to the death against wrong and oppression.

Knighthood in the Middle Ages was a very different thing from what it is to-day. It is now merely a mark of honour given to a man who has in some way shown himself worthy to receive it. It was then a sign of being worthy of admission into a great brotherhood of noble men. It was not a reward given at the end of one's career, but a vow of service made at the beginning of it.

The young man who wished to become a knight had to undergo a long training, which began when he was about twelve years of age. He then entered the service of some honoured knight as a page, and had to make himself useful in many ways, often doing work of a very rough kind. The ladies of the household might attend to his education, and he would learn to read and write, to sing, and to play upon some instrument. Life was not all fighting even in those rough days.

When he was about sixteen he was promoted to the rank of squire. He became the companion of his lord, and was expected to imitate him as his pattern of gentleness and courtesy. In time of war the squire rode with his lord to the field, bearing his shield and armour, and arrayed him for the fight. In the battle he carried his lord's banner. If his lord were unhorsed his squire raised him from the ground; for the knight always fought on horseback, and his heavy armour made him almost helpless when he fell. It was the squire's duty to rescue him if he were captured, to tend him if he were wounded, and to have him buried with due ceremony if he were killed.

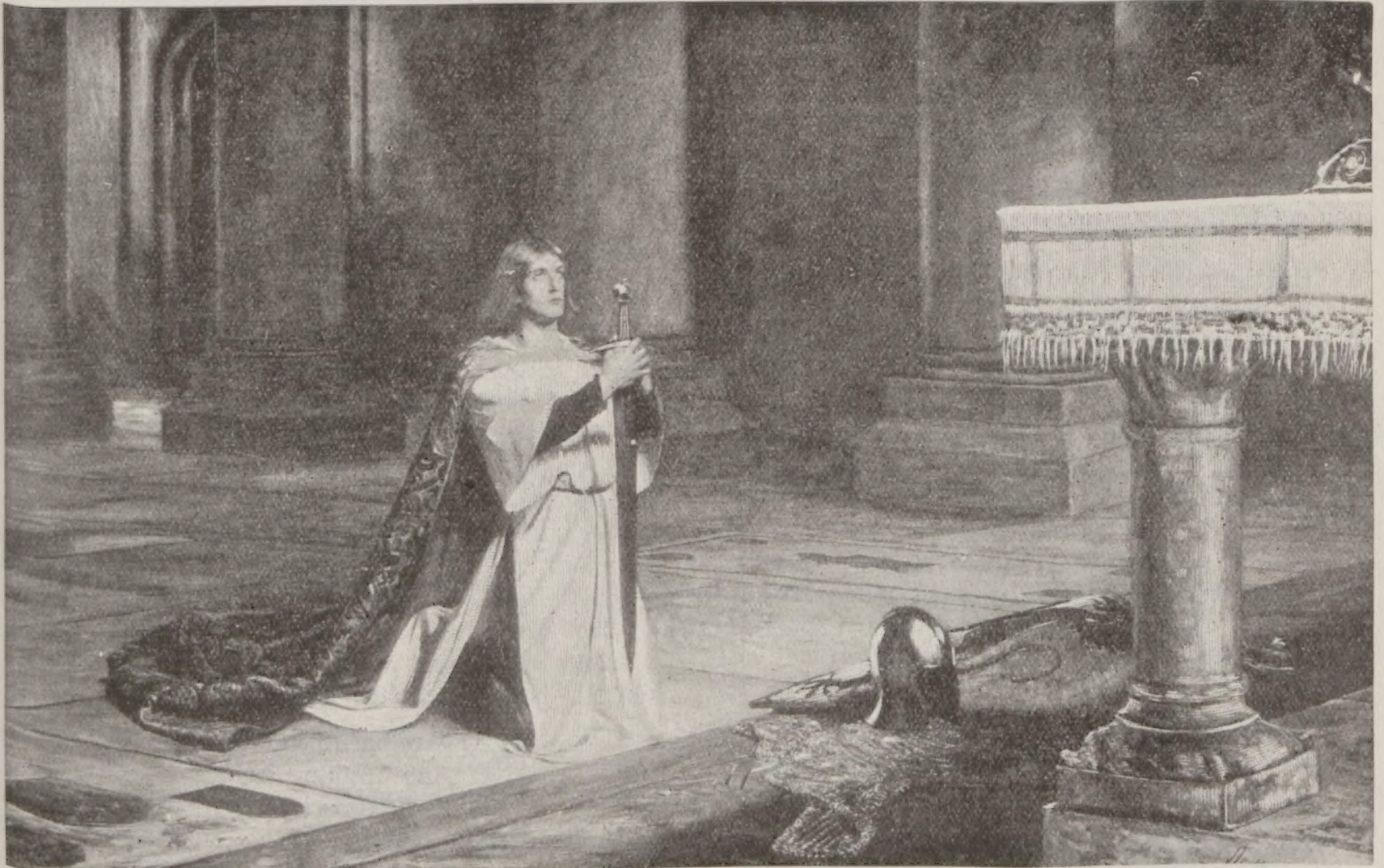
After six or seven years' faithful service the squire might ask to be made a knight. In time of war this was done in a very simple fashion. If the squire had

done some brave deed in battle, instead of being "mentioned in dispatches" or receiving the V.C., he would be at once admitted into the order of knighthood. While the squire knelt his lord would tap him on the shoulder with his sword, saying, "In the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George, I make thee knight. Be valiant, fearless, and loyal."

In times of peace the rank of knighthood was bestowed with solemn religious ceremonial, as the picture shows us. First the young man bathed, and clothed himself in a white tunic; the bathing meant baptism into the company which he was about

sign of his rank; and he was warned that, if he proved false to his vows and unworthy of his rank, these spurs would be hacked from his heels. It is from this that we still use the phrase, to "win one's spurs," meaning to show oneself worthy of honour.

Times have changed, and knighthood has become an empty shadow; but the real brotherhood of noble service still endures, and every boy should aim at becoming a member of it. Not courage alone, but purity of life, loyalty to duty, obedience to the right, and care for the helpless—these are the laws of the true order of knighthood.



THE VIGIL.

(From the picture by J. Pettie in the Tate Gallery.)

to join, and the white dress was a symbol of purity of life and conduct. Over this he wore a red gown, as a symbol of the war and bloodshed to which his duty would call him. Over all was thrown a black robe, to remind him of death.

In the evening he was taken to the church, and there during the whole night he "watched his arms," as we see in the picture, praying and fasting all the time. Next day he was "dubbed," or created, a knight, and the ceremonial ended with his receiving the sacrament in church. He was now girded with his sword, and wore the golden spurs which were the

Motto for November.

*No endeavour is in vain—
The reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanished gain.*

LONGFELLOW.

Sent in by GEORGE CROSS,
Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.



SMILES

*"The happy smiles of the young
are the sunshine of the old"*



THE teacher had been explaining fractions to her class. Wishing to see how much light had been shed, she inquired,—

"Now, Bobby, which would you rather have, one apple or two halves?"

"Two halves."

"O Bobby!" exclaimed the teacher, a little disappointedly, "why would you prefer two halves?"

"Then I could see whether it was bad inside."

✚ ✚ ✚

"Is this the Adams house?" asked a stranger of a Bostonian.

"Yes," was the reply; "it's Adam's house until you get to the roof, then it's eaves."

✚ ✚ ✚

AN Englishman on a walking tour in a remote part of the Scottish Highlands came to a lonely inn. Being ravenously hungry, he entered and asked the landlady for some poached eggs.

The landlady shook her head. "We haven't any eggs, sir," she said. "But," she added, lowering her voice to a whisper, "I dinna doot that I could get you a fine dish of poached salmon!"

✚ ✚ ✚

AN onion must be very sad,
For when my mother pares
She sympathizes with it so
That soon she's shedding tears!

✚ ✚ ✚

Teacher. "What is a bison, Johnny?"

Johnny. "What mother makes the puddings in."

(Sent in by LILY ROBERTS.)

✚ ✚ ✚

Jimmy. I say, Bob, what a lovely "guy" you've got!

Bob. That ain't a guy; that's father!

✚ ✚ ✚

AN absent-minded gentleman went up to the booking office at Charing Cross station, put down a pound note, and asked for a ticket.

"What station?" asked the clerk.

"Um, ah!" was the reply, "what stations have you?"

✚ ✚ ✚

"WHAT made the teacher so angry?"

"Oh, he was gassing away about trees, and I asked him if he'd ever seen a pink palm. He said, 'No, there are no pink palms,' and then I showed him my hand."

Gems from the Poets.

November.

THE mellow year is hasting to its close;
The little birds have almost sung their last,
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast—
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows.

* * * * *

The dusky waters shudder as they shine,
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way
Of oozy brook, which no deep banks define,
And the gaunt woods, in ragged scant array,
Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy twine.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

The Piper.

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he, laughing, said to me:

"Pipe a song about a lamb;"
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again;"
So I piped; he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer;"
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

The Dawning Day.

SO here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

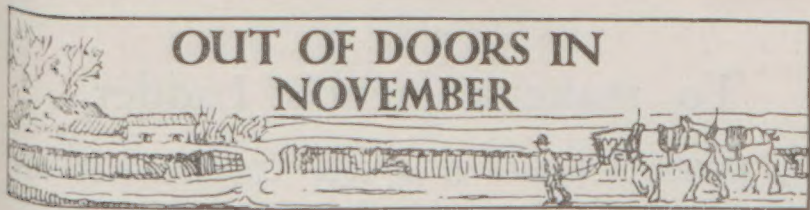
Out of Eternity
This new day is born;
Into Eternity
At night doth return.

Behold it aforetime
No eyes ever did;
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

THOMAS CARLYLE.

OUT OF DOORS IN NOVEMBER



"No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees.
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
November!"

THESE lines were written by a humorous poet on a very foggy November day. But to-day is clear and dry, and when we take our ramble I think we shall find that November is not quite so desolate or uninteresting as he would have us believe. Butterflies and bees we need not look for, but we shall indeed be disappointed if we do not find some fruits, some flowers, some leaves, and even some birds.



The keen east wind is blowing strong outside the wood, and it is quite a relief to get beneath the trees which, although most of them are leafless, afford us shelter and warmth.

Why do the leaves fall off the trees and bushes during the Autumn? Why do they not stay on all through the Winter? These are questions that are often asked, and although we cannot stop to answer them at length, I should point out to you that plants require rest just as you and I do. They work very hard to produce leaves, flowers, and fruit, and there comes a time when a halt is called. The flow of sap—the life of the plant—ceases to course through the veins, the leaves wither, the fruit falls to the ground or is carried through the air by the wind, and a well-earned rest is taken.

Some trees, as you will notice, have not shed their leaves although Autumn is now past. This kind of tree is known as "evergreen," and all the hollies, gorse, and fir trees that we see round about us belong to this class. These trees have been dropping their leaves gradually all the year as the new ones have formed. Their well-clad appearance among the cold and leafless trees adds an interest to our walk, and reminds us that Nature is still busy doing her work.

Though at this season of the year the furze does not have the glorious blaze of its rich golden blossoms in the Spring, yet we can see to-day a smaller kind with little yellow flower-buds, lighting up the heath in a beautiful way. We

shall hesitate before we pull any of it, its golden flowers are so well guarded from the clutch of rude hands by numerous sharp spines. It would hardly seem a tempting plant to eat, yet it is not unusual to find a pony or donkey munching the young shoots, crushing the spines first with its teeth, and apparently relishing its prickly meal.



Over yonder is a holly tree with quite a lot of bright red berries upon it. How fresh and bright the berries look, and how warm they seem to be compared with the bare trees not far away!

Down by this little stream there are quite a number of birds drinking the clear fresh water and chattering all the time. What a variety of birds there is too! We can see robins, chaffinches, a few particularly noisy starlings, two greenfinches, and a pretty pied wagtail, which bobs up and down every now and again like a black and white butterfly with a long "tail." The blackbird is quietly watching a thrush or two which are drinking, and he is just waiting his turn to have a drink when his cousins—the thrushes—have finished.

Do you notice how tame the birds are to-day? That is because it is becoming more and more difficult for them to find food, and I think they are a little hungry even now. It will be kind and thoughtful to feed the birds that come into your gardens this cold weather, and you will be able at the same time to study them near at hand.



HOBBIES AND WRINKLES



Fireworks Hints.

HERE are a few things that it would pay you to remember when you are going to set off fireworks. Take a good look at the fireworks before the time for actually setting them off comes. Some of the larger pieces will have directions printed on them, and these should be carefully read and followed. Be sure to remember which ones can safely be held in the hand and those that explode and might be dangerous.

Gather together before nightfall the few things that you will need. Remember that there is nothing so useful for starting a rocket as a flower-pot stood upside down. Fireworks that are not safe to be held in the hand should be put into a pot filled with earth. If there is a good bang at the end, the explosion will be all the better if the soil is rammed tightly around the case. For the pin wheels, choose a good position on a fence, or set a post. Have handy a hammer and some thin nails to fix the wheel in place. See that the wheel has free play before lighting, as there are few things more disappointing than a wheel that does not whirl around properly. Just before the display, go over the fireworks and loosen the blue touch-paper a little. This will make the pieces burn freely, and ensure that the fireworks will go off with the lighting.

Loosening Glass Stoppers.

WHEN the glass stopper of a perfume bottle or other kind of glass bottle refuses to come out, try the following methods to loosen it :—

1. Tap the stopper all round with a piece of hard wood or with another piece of glass.



2. Let hot water run on to the neck of the bottle to expand it.

3. Heat the neck of the bottle by rubbing it to and fro in a string passed round it once or twice and tied to a firm support.

To make a Jacob's Ladder.

AJACOB'S ladder is a very old-fashioned toy indeed. It is probable that George Washington knew how to make one when he was a boy ; nevertheless, the very fact of its age only makes it more interesting to present-day boys. Though the result looks very complicated, it is the simplest thing in the world to produce. It is so simple as to be almost mystifying to one watching.

First you need a strip of paper three or four inches wide and a yard or more long. A strip from a newspaper does very well.

Roll this up smoothly into a tight roll, and paste the end down so that it cannot unroll. Now let the paste thoroughly dry.

Then at A and A cut crosswise half-way through the entire roll with scissors. Next insert the scissors points in one of these crosswise slashes, and cut the roll lengthwise to the other slash along the dotted line B. Now bend down each end of the roll beyond A and A, and very evenly and gently pull out the inner part so as to form upright spirals.

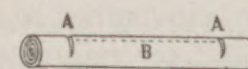


Fig. 1

The Paper Roll

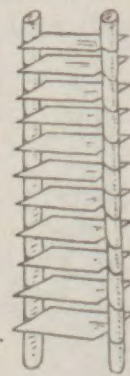


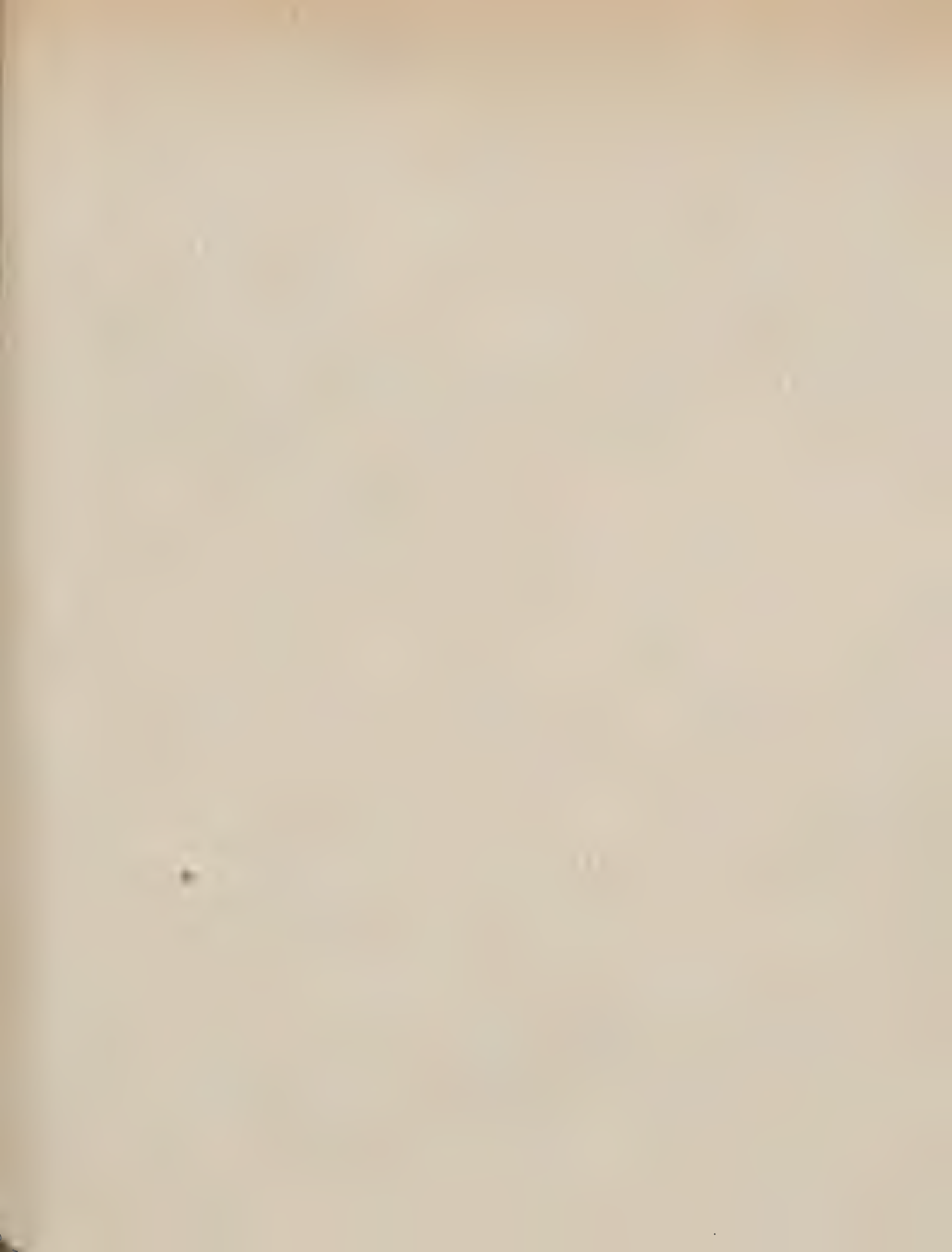
Fig. 2

The Finished Ladder

Bicycle Tyre Hint.

ONE of the greatest troubles of the bicyclist is punctures. Here is a plan which will help to avoid them. You will need about fourteen feet of lamp wick of not less than an inch and a half in width. Then cut this into two lengths, each of which should measure about seven feet. Now take the outer covers of the tyres and, using the ordinary rubber solution, stick the wick on the inner side of each cover. Get the wick well in the centre all round. When the solution has set, replace the cover and inflate the tyres. The wick will be found to give a wonderful protection to the inner tube, for at the part where most punctures occur the tyre is almost double thickness.

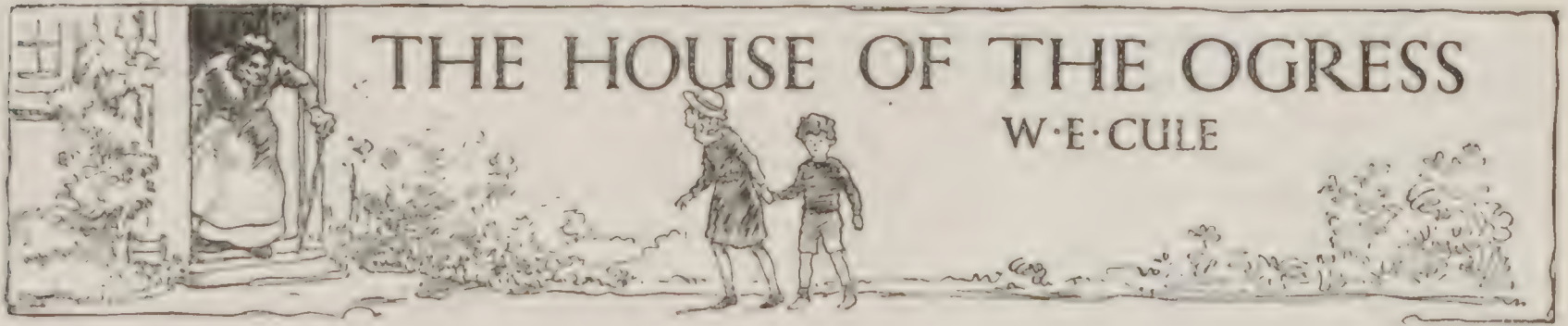




THE HOUSE OF THE OGRESS.

SYNOPSIS.

[AVRIL HAYES went by train with her father to spend a holiday with her Uncle Horace and Aunt Hilda at Mayfield. In the same carriage was a sad-faced little boy and a cruel-looking lady. The boy, Harold, whispered to Avril that his companion was an ogress, and that she was going to kill him. A few days after her arrival at Homelands, her uncle's house, Avril, when taking a walk near Culver House, a lonely, cheerless place, saw Harold's sad face at one of the windows. She inquired of the man who lived there, and he said no boy was living at Culver House. Hearing that the place belonged to the Duke of Berkshire, Avril went to see the Duke, and told him about Harold. He was very kind to her, but said the people at Culver House had been there a year, that they kept a poultry farm, and were good tenants. She told Aunt Hilda of her visit to the Duke, but her aunt thought Avril was full of fancies. Nothing daunted, Avril wrote a letter to Jack Brown, a soldier friend, and asked him to help her to set Harold free. Next day Avril, having left a note for her aunt, sets out to rescue Harold. She finds the door of Culver House open, unlocks the door of the room in which Harold is confined, then hurries with him out of the house.]



CHAPTER XI.

AVRIL FIGHTS THE OGRES.

AVRIL and Harold were hidden behind the thick hedge where the grass was very long, and even if you were crossing that same field you might have failed to notice them. For they were lying down side by side, peering through the hedge and listening. Jack might come at any moment now, and they must not miss him.

Harold's fair hair mingled with Avril's brown curls, and sometimes his warm cheek touched hers; and when that happened she was almost too happy to speak. For this was what she had always longed for, what she had always missed in those lonely talks with her lost brother. At last! at last!

The worst of it was that Harold *would* talk, mostly in whispers, of course, but sometimes too loudly. He was excited after the escape, and full of joy, and fear, and wonder, and questions. Who was she, and where was she going to take him? Jack—who was this Jack? Was he a lieutenant, as his own father had been? If he came, what would he do to the Ogres, and the dark Mr. Marley, and the little grey man who worked the machine in the Culver House? . . .

"Are they any relations of yours?" asked Avril at last.

"No, but Mrs. Marley is. She is my mamma's aunt. But I never saw her until after papa's ship was sunk."

It was a terrible little story that he had to tell—the story of the loss of a great ship with all its passengers, and this tiny boy's change from hope, and love, and expectation, to darkness, and fear, and despair. Fancy expecting a beautiful young mamma, and this tall, stern woman coming instead, with her cruel news. For they hadn't told him a word about it until everything

had been settled. And no one—not even Avril—would ever know how he had felt it.

"I've cried every night since," he said. "But I won't to-night, if you stay with me. Promise you'll stay!"

Her answer was to draw him nearer. And it was just then that the enemy came upon them.

The dark man in leggings had had very little trouble after all, for he had seen, from the top window, the way they had gone. On reaching the curve in the road he could not see them, but since they had not had time to go out of sight, he knew that they must have turned into a field. So he had tried the first stile, going over it very quietly and looking carefully right along the hedges. Then he had seen them almost at once, and was able to creep on them from behind.

"So I've found you!" he said.

Harold gave a cry and instantly his joy was gone, and he was again the fearful, white-faced little prisoner of the Culver House.

John Marley looked from one to the other. He could not understand. Who was this strange child, and why had she meddled?

"What do you mean by it?" he asked, under his breath; and he used some terrible words which she had never heard before. Then, still looking at her in that strange way, he dragged Harold to his feet.

"Come," he said roughly. "Not a word, now, or I'll kill you."

Poor Harold did not speak a word. But when he was led away Avril rose too, and began to follow. Then Marley looked back.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"I'm coming too," she said simply.

"Will you go back?" he asked, between his teeth. "Do you want to be killed?"

"I'm not going to leave Harold; I'm going to stay with him."

He went three steps back, with his hand raised;

but she did not move, and he stopped, full of rage and wonder. Then he went on towards the Culver House, talking all the while under his breath.

So they came to the big outside door, Avril still following behind. She was afraid that he would try to shut her out, and her heart was aching for the little prisoner. No, she would never leave him now, even if they killed her.

"Don't cry, Harold," she said once. "I'm here, and I'm not going away."

But this time the big doors were open, for the shabby little grey man was there, waiting for them. He was not angry like the other, but there was something very cruel in his calm look.

"This girl came into the house, opened the door, and took him out," said the dark man savagely. "And now she says she won't go away and leave him. What do you think of that?"

"Well," he smilingly replied, "we've plenty of room for the two. But hasn't she any father or mother who will be sorry when she's gone?"

Of course he was trying to frighten her, but there was no smile in his eyes—only upon his lips. Then he said to the other man: "Take the boy in, and put him safe. I'll look after the young lady."

So Harold was dragged inside the door; and then the little grey man looked at Avril again.

"And now," he said pleasantly, "what are you going to do? You can't go in against my will, you know."

"No," said Avril. "But I'll wait here till Jack comes. Then he'll fight you both."

"Jack? And who is Jack?"

"He is a soldier. And I expect him every minute."

The little grey man was puzzled and surprised. He began to believe that she was really crazy, for, of course, he did not know all the story. But while he was wondering and staring at her, his quick ears caught a sound from somewhere up the road.

He did not wish any one to see him standing at the doors talking to that little girl; she might say something strange, and it was very important that no questions should be asked about the Culver House and its people.

So, quite suddenly, "You can come in," he said, and pushing the door behind him, he drew her quickly inside. Closing the door again, he

held her firmly by the hand while he listened. Then he signed to the other man, who had gone only a few steps towards the house, and he came back to the door. And there they all four stood, the two men watchful and waiting, the two children wondering and fearful.

The sound was quite clear now. It was a low, steady *tramp, tramp, tramp* of marching men, the tramp of England's soldiers in training. They came this way very frequently, and he knew that in a few moments they would have passed and gone. Then, of course, he would be able to do as he pleased with this tiresome girl.

Tramp, tramp, tramp. They all heard it and waited—the men impatiently, the children wonderingly. Quite suddenly, out above that *tramp, tramp, tramp*, rang a loud, clear "*Halt!*" All at once the tramping ceased, and the murmurs and the laughter died away. But the stir of men remained, close beyond that stout wooden door.

They had stopped exactly opposite the house!

CHAPTER XII.

AT THE GATES OF THE HOUSE.

SO for a few moments they waited, the two men of the Culver House expecting the soldiers to continue their march. But the thing that happened next was very startling. Two men began to speak on the other side of the closed doors.

"Brown!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Is this the house you spoke of?"

"Yes, sir."

How Avril's heart jumped when she heard, for the second voice was Jack's voice! And almost at once the first voice spoke again.

"You had better go in and inquire; there would be no harm in that."

"No, sir."

Then a strong hand tried the latch of the door, and it opened at once; for the two men of the Culver House had glanced at one another, and both had seen that the door must be opened.

So the little grey man opened it, to the great astonishment of everybody outside. For there was Jack Brown, with his rifle, and just behind him a tall young officer; and behind them again

was a roadful of soldiers, standing "at ease" and staring with all their might.

"O Jack, Jack!" cried Avril, "I knew you would come sometime, and now you've brought a whole army to save us."

He was greatly astonished, and so was the officer; but he had no time to speak, for the little grey man was ready with a question.

"What can I do for you?" he asked politely.

Jack hardly knew what to say. "I came to ask about this little girl," he said. "She told me that she would be here."

"Well, she is here," said the little grey man. "And she has no business here! Do you know what she did? She slipped into my house, went upstairs, and took away this boy, who had been locked up for a punishment. We have just brought them back."

Then Jack and the tall young officer looked at Avril, and the men behind all began to smile. Avril saw that they believed the little grey man, and the tears came into her eyes.

His story was so much like truth; yet she knew, deep down in her heart, that these were wicked, wicked people, and that Harold must not be left in that house—no, not on any account.

So now Jack looked stupid, and the officer looked puzzled and sorry, and the men smiled at one another. But the little grey man spoke again impatiently.

"And now," he said, "if you don't want anything else, we will close the door. I really haven't time to waste on little girls. By your leave, sir."

Then he closed it, and they heard him stride up the path to the house with his companion and his little prisoner. And Avril said in despair, turning to the officer, for he had been her friend once before:

"They've got him again now, and I'm sure they'll kill him! Oh dear! oh dear! Can't you make them give him up?"

"I'm afraid not, little girl," said the lieutenant kindly. "You see, he belongs to them. . . . And after all, you know——"

"Beg pardon, sir," cried Jack Brown suddenly, "there's somebody coming!"

And, indeed, somebody *was* coming; and not one person, but three. They were not together, for one was already quite near, while the other two had only just turned the corner of the road. And the first to come was Uncle Horace, in a great hurry, but smiling with relief when he saw Avril safe among the soldiers.

"Ha!" he said breathlessly, "so you're still alive, Avril. I thought I shouldn't find anything but your shoes and socks—the remains of the Ogres' and Ogre-esses' lunch or tea! How did you escape?"

He was twinkling still, in spite of his surprise; but he became serious enough when he saw the tears in Avril's eyes.



"Come," he said kindly; "what is the matter? Your aunt went up to your room, you know, to change your pillow, and found your letter under it. I cannot tell you how surprised she was. Of course, she sent me at once to save you—and here I am."

Just behind Uncle Horace had come the unbelieving gardener and a smart young policeman, and they were quite as much surprised to see the soldiers as he had been. The gardener smiled at Avril, but the policeman at once began to ask questions.

"What is the trouble?" he asked quickly. "Are you trying to get into the house? Has any one been in?"

"This little girl has been in," said Lieutenant Preston. "She went in and brought out a small boy whom she tried to carry away with her. She declares that the people of the house mean to kill and eat him. But they followed the runaway, and have taken him back."

Once more people smiled at that strange story—Uncle Horace, perhaps, most of all. But there was one who did not smile, and that was the smart young policeman. Instead of smiling, he peered over the gate at the top of the grim old house, and then turned to Avril.

"What did you see or hear when you went into the house?" he asked. "Was there anything strange there?"

Avril looked up. Could it be possible that this young policeman was different from all the other people? Did he believe in Ogres and things? Her face brightened.

"I didn't *see* anything strange," she said, "but I *heard* something."

"Yes," said the policeman, kindly but eagerly. "And what did you hear?"

"It was a big noise—a grinding, thumping noise. I thought it was the noise of some machine for grinding up the bones of eaten people."

Even the policeman gave a little smile then; but Avril went on:

"But it wasn't really that kind of machine," she said. "It was quite another kind, and not cruel or wicked at all. Harold saw it, and told me. He went into the room one day, just to see what made the noise; but they caught him there, and it was after that they were so unkind to him. It was to punish him for going in."

"Ah! And did he tell you what he saw?" asked the policeman.

"Oh yes: he said it was a machine for printing things."

Then the policeman's face beamed. This policeman was the brother of the unbelieving gardener; but while the gardener's face was rough and brown from the open air, the policeman's was keen and sharp and eager. He was known, indeed, as a very clever young policeman. Instantly he went up to Lieutenant Preston, who had listened to all these questions in great surprise, and as he spoke to him he took a paper from his pocket.

"If you please, sir," he said, "I must ask for your help in this matter, and the help of your men. I have a warrant to search the house, and from what this little girl says I feel sure that we shall have to do it by force and seize the people who are in it. If you will lend me your men it can be done."

Lieutenant Preston looked startled, but he glanced at the paper and seemed to understand. "Of course," he said. "If you need our help you must have it. Shall we surround the house?"

"Yes, at once," said the policeman. "We must not give them time to escape."

The officer turned to the soldiers. There were no smiles anywhere now, for everybody could see that something serious was taking place.

"Men," he said, "open that door and surround the house. Seize any one who tries to escape."

It was done in a moment. The big wooden doors were barred, but one of the soldiers quickly leaped over, threw down the bar and opened them. Then the rest streamed in up the path, separating as they reached the house until they formed a ring right round it. But no one came out; no one tried to escape. Then the policeman, with the lieutenant at his side, walked up to the front door and gave a resounding knock.

"Open," he cried, "in the King's name!"

But there was no answer, no sound of footsteps; so the officer gave a sign, and the policeman stood aside. A tall, burly soldier came to the door instead, shook it, and then stood back a little way to throw himself against it. At the first shock the old door strained and creaked, but at the second the fastenings of the lock gave way, and it flew open with a great crash.

The secrets of the Culver House were to be laid bare at last.

(To be continued.)



"SAVED." By H. Sperling.

[Look at this picture carefully, then make up a story from it, such as you would tell to a younger brother or sister. Write it out and send it to "The Editress." Book prizes will be awarded to the competitors sending in the best stories.]

Guy Fawkes' Day.

THIS is Guy Fawkes' Day. They always have a bonfire and let off fireworks at Bramthorpe on Guy Fawkes' Day, and Reggie and I asked if we might go and see them. But father said he didn't approve of it, because it only led to rows, so we thought we'd make a Guy Fawkes of our own.

We had good fun making the guy. We got the coat off a scarecrow that Farmer Hobson had no further use for, and Reggie found the mask in his play-box. Our coachman gave us an old hat, and the gloves were mine. They had holes in the fingers, and were worn out. Besides, I don't like wearing gloves, do you?

Well, we fastened up the coat and stuffed it with straw, and put a stick through the sleeves for arms, and really the guy looked quite lifelike. Then we got a prop and some bundles of straw and carried them off to the hill. We stuck the prop in the ground and tied Mr. Guy Fawkes to it, and put the bundles of straw all round him, and then we burnt him alive. My word, how he blazed!

Reggie had found an old barrel in the stable-yard, and we broke it up, and with it and the straw we made

a jolly bonfire. I brought some potatoes with me to roast in the flames. I forgot to tell you that we got some gunpowder, and put it in a box with a piece of touchpaper sticking out. We got the powder out of some cartridges which the gamekeeper gave us. Then we put the box inside Guy Fawkes.

I'm sorry to say the explosion came off when we weren't expecting it, and so it wasn't quite as big a joke as it might have been. The fire was blazing up nicely when it happened. What a roar there was when the gunpowder went off! I wasn't hurt a bit, but Reggie, who was poking the fire up, was hit by a bit of wood on the forehead. His face and hands were scorched as well. He had to lie up for a day or two.

I quite envied him when I saw him lying in bed. He'd got calf's-foot jelly, and grapes and bananas and things like that, and he had no lessons to do until he was right again. Some fellows have all the luck, haven't they?

I don't suppose we shall ever have a Guy Fawkes again. Father says he won't have any more of such dangerous work. We can have a few fireworks on the lawn, but not a bonfire, and no Guy Fawkes and no box of gunpowder inside him. That's the worst of having accidents, isn't it?

Our Competitions.

To our Young Readers . . .
Show this to your Teacher.



SPECIAL COMPETITION FOR TEACHERS.

IN order to encourage Teachers to give us the benefit of their ideas regarding possible improvements in the "Children's Paper," we beg to offer for competition a prize consisting of books, to be selected from our lists of publications, to the value of £1 for the best list of

"Things we should like to see in the 'Children's Paper.'"

The Competition will be open to all Teachers. In making out their lists, Competitors should keep in view the limits imposed by the size and price of the Paper.

Lists, bearing the Name, Full Address, and School of the Competitor, should be received by 15th December.

Rules for Competitors.

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from page 128 of the current number of the paper. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must* be attached to one of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing* and *neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than November 15 will be considered.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for November.

For all Ages up to Sixteen.

PORTRAIT COMPETITION.

Guess the names of the people represented on page 128. Write the name in the space at the foot of each portrait. Cut the pictures out in one piece, and forward it to the Editress. This is the last series.

The portraits given in the September number were:—Mr. Lloyd George; Princess Mary; Robert Burns; Admiral Beatty; Napoleon Bonaparte; Lord Nelson.

HIDDEN RIVERS COMPETITION.

In each of the following sentences there occurs the name of a well-known English river. What are they?

1. It is a hard trial not to be able to go.
2. Let us know how you get on.
3. I fear we are going to have a shower.
4. We went to visit a market garden.
5. Jim saw twenty nests during his ramble.
6. Mend that rent at once, Daisy.
7. My hat is ruined entirely by the rain.
8. Bob has been sent off with a message for mother.
9. There is a house to let.
10. I like to dress in white, especially in summer.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION.

Write a short account (not to exceed 250 words) on your favourite Old Testament character, giving reasons for your choice.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

Make a drawing of five autumn leaves, and colour them either with water colours or chalks.

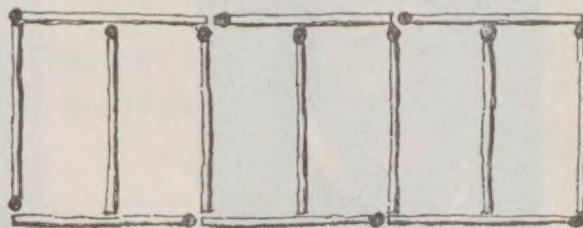
For Children under Twelve only.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

Write an imaginary letter to a friend in a distant land explaining Armistice Day.

THE SIX SHEEP-PENS.

It will be seen in this illustration that thirteen matches, representing a farmer's hurdles, have been so placed that they enclose six sheep-pens all of the same size. Now, one of these hurdles was stolen, and the farmer wanted still to enclose six pens of equal size with the remaining twelve. How was he to do it? All the twelve matches must be fairly used.



DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

Make a drawing of a canary in a cage, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

Prize List for September.

"WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS MAP" COMPETITION.

Class A (up to sixteen years of age):—

Prize-Winners.—Irene Scouloudi, 29 Pembridge Gardens, London, W. 2. J. D. W. Renison, 14 Devonshire Place, Cloughton, Birkenhead. Peggie Jack, 4 Weston Terrace, West Kilbride, and Sabina Kirk, 72 Rutland Street, Derby (equal).

Highly Commended.—Joyce Illingworth, Leeds; Fanny Henderson, London; Lawrence Woodward, St. Helens; Gertrude Urmson, Bolton; Edward Herdson, Sunderland; F. Margaret Bairstow, Gomersal; Maude Tuckey, Windsor.

Class B (ten years and under):—

Prize-Winners.—Mary Bott, Birchfield, Donnington Wood, near Newport, Salop. Sam Herdson, 26 Argyle Square, Sunderland. Rennie Hodges, 18 Arctic Parade, Great Horton, Bradford.

Highly Commended.—Alfred Sellers, Scarborough;

Arnold P. Austin, Manchester; Dorothy Pudney, Halstead; Mildred B. Cross, Leicester; Dorothy Simpson, Newcastle.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

Prize-Winners.—Lily Grant, Salter's Hill Girls' School, West Norwood, S.E. 27. Emily Birkenhead, 52 Woodland Street, Dalston, E. 8. Joyce Martin, 38 Nimrod Road, Streatham. Rosaline Boyd, 10 Whittaker Lane, Heaton Park, Lancs.

Highly Commended.—Emily Harris, London; Thelma Alderson, Liverpool; Kathleen Barker, Windsor; Irene Robson, London; Irene Doggett, Bromley; Barbara Smith, Dunstable; Edwin Burley, London.

ACROSTIC COMPETITION.

Prize-Winners.—Muriel Cosh, 3 Priory Road, Knowle, Bristol. W. Hindley Powell, 14 Norris Green Road, West Derby, Liverpool.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

Prize-Winners.—Jean Cartwright, 13 Grange Road, West Bromwich, Staffs. Eileen Stroud, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington, Lancs. Beatie Hammond, Kember-ton School, Shifnal, Salop.

Highly Commended.—John Wilson, Bishopbriggs, Glas-gow; Dorothy Simpson, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Mabel M. Robb, Kirkcaldy; Mildred Sewart, Liverpool; Maggie King, London; Kathleen Gwilliam, Bristol; Margaret Davis, Shortlands; Geoffrey T. Eagling, London.

THE SEVEN PIGS COMPETITION.

Prize-Winners.—Evelyn Steel, 5 Hatherley Place, Cheltenham. Bertie Binden, 22 Gower Road, Forest Gate. Leonard Pearson, 515 Wigan Road, Deane, Bolton, Lancs.



Highly Commended.—Norman D. Brown, Belfast; Nellie Whitaker, Adlington; Gladys Tiller and Dorothy Atwood, Bromley; Edith Binden, Forest Gate.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION.

Prize-Winners.—Kathleen M. Blair, 20 Windsor Terrace, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne. James T. Eccles, 128 Woodseats Road, Sheffield. Hilda Ford, 100 Barlby Road, North Kensington, London, W. 10.

Highly Commended.—Mildred B. Cross, Leicester; Ivy Keddle, Battersea; Marjorie Weave, London; Ralph Emmerson, Sunderland; Winnie A. Davenport, Crewe.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION.

Prize-Winners.—D. C. Watherston, 20 Northwick Park Road, Harrow. Betty Marshall, Petoe, Dartington, near Totnes.

Highly Commended.—Edith Colwell, Shortlands; George Hassall, Kember-ton; Annie Glenville, Bromley.

Highly Commended.—Eileen Stroud, Adlington; Dick Lawrence, Stretford; Thomas G. H. Robson, London; Joe Morrow, Caledon; Nellie Bourn, Dalston; Madge Smith, Bingley; Elsie Jarvis, Kember-ton School.

"CHILDREN'S PAPER" COMPETITION FORM. [Nov.

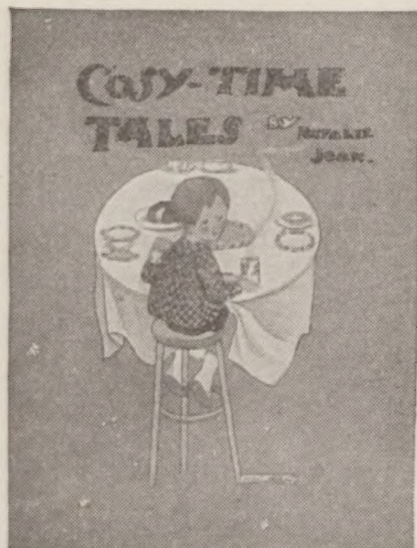
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Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.

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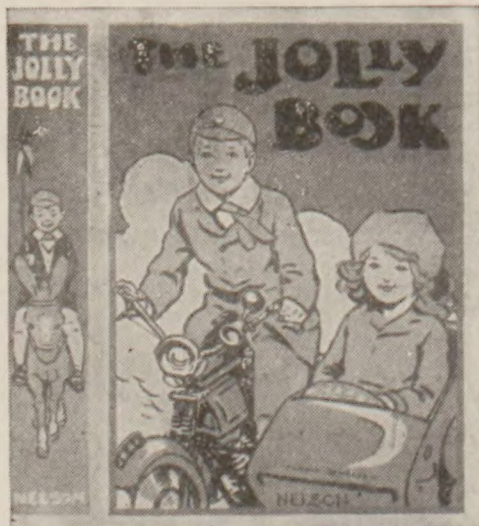
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